

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND.
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Copper.*



DR. KRAUSS' VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

"WANTED, A PRIVATE TUTOR."

MY name is Mellow. I am not a young man. I used to think, a long while ago, that I had arrived at years of discretion; but recent events have led me to entertain some doubts upon that subject. I am a widower. Mrs. Mellow was undoubtedly my better half in every way; or, say three-quarters; I always felt that; and I am now more convinced of it than ever. When I lost her I thought I could not do

better than receive her sister, Miss Grittie, into my house, to take the management of my home and family. Miss Grittie thought so too. Indeed, now I consider about it, she settled the question herself by giving up her preparatory establishment for young gentlemen, and sending a van-load of personal property, including a pair of globes, a cat, and a vase of gold fish, to my house almost before I knew where I was, or, rather, where *she* was. Miss Grittie is an excellent woman; but singular in her opinions, and

angular, all corners (speaking metaphorically, of course), and fond of having her own way, which I am bound to admit is a very straightforward one. I have reason to be grateful to her, on the whole, for the kind interest she takes in my affairs generally, and especially for her care of my three children—George, aged twelve; Tom, aged eleven; and the baby, as everybody calls him still, aged four.

I don't think Miss Grittie acted with her usual prudence and foresight in the matter which I am about to relate, and I am sure I did not; so I cannot find fault with her; and she agrees with me that a statement of the facts, if given to the public, may be the means of preserving some other heads of families situated as I was from such inconveniences as we suffered. The two elder boys above named had been for about two years at a boarding-school; a pretty good one I always thought it; but Miss Grittie was of a different opinion. She would have it that they were too young to profit by the system, or, rather, want of system, which prevails, according to her judgment, in all large schools. She had always held that every young gentleman ought to be thoroughly grounded in a preparatory school under feminine auspices before being admitted to a larger establishment; and she regarded it as grasping and unprincipled on the part of the directors and head-masters of our public schools that they did not insist on such a preparatory course, instead of "taking children of all ages just as they come." It had always been a grievance with Miss Grittie that this first and most important step in the education of her nephews—they are nice boys, and she is very fond of them—had been passed over. Whenever they came home for their holidays, she made it her business to examine them; and each time the report she gave of their "progress backwards" was most unsatisfactory—to me, at all events. "But what can you expect?" she would say. "The poor boys have never been properly grounded; they have been set to run before they knew how to walk; they must begin again, and be grounded; they will never do any good till they are grounded."

The two boys returned home last Christmas for their holidays as usual, and the very next day Miss Grittie began with me, after dinner, upon her usual theme.

"Really, my dear John," she said—"I always anticipate something unpleasant when she calls me 'John,' instead of Mr. Mellow; and 'My dear John' is even more portentous—'really, my dear John,' she said, 'it is time something was done about those poor dear boys. I have been examining them this morning, and find they know nothing—absolutely nothing.'"

"Examining them already?" I exclaimed. "Why, the poor lads only came home yesterday. I would have given them a few days' holiday first, I think."

"They know nothing," she continued, without heeding my remonstrance. "I did not expect a great deal, but I confess I was astonished. Their progress backwards is more marked than I could have supposed possible after the pains I took with them last holidays. They have forgotten all I taught them, and learnt nothing at school. Now don't be impatient. I'll just give you an example or two, and then you will be satisfied. I was questioning Tom in the rudiments of history—only the rudiments. I asked him what he knew about King Richard III. All he could say was that he was a hunchback, and very fond of horses; he had seen a picture of him offering to 'swop' his

kingdom (such an expression!) with anybody for a horse. When I urged him for some further particulars of his history, he added, with a great deal of hesitation and shyness, that he was killed by a fish-bone sticking in his throat, and brought back to life again by a barber who extracted it; 'pulled it out,' he said."

"Very good," I exclaimed, laughing. "I suppose he thought one hunchback was as good as another."

"My dear John," said Miss Grittie, sternly, "it's not a laughing matter. I wish you could see things as I do. And George is not a bit better. He went so far as to deny that Richard III was a humpback at all; it was a vulgar error, he said, to suppose so. On the contrary, he was rather a good-looking man, of a kind and forgiving disposition, and had made some excellent laws for the country. He displayed equal ignorance about the history of Rome; he absolutely denied that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf! 'Vulgar errors,' indeed! Truths which I have been inculcating for years past, until I gave up my preparatory establishment for young gentlemen to come and take charge of your house. How you can smile at such a state of things I can't conceive. The boys require grounding, and it is quite time some measures were adopted for their education, which, as I have often told you, has yet to be begun."

"We must see about it," I replied.

"That's what you always say; and then nothing is done."

"What do you propose, then?" I asked.

"Keep the boys at home a year or two, and have them thoroughly grounded."

"I could not remove them from school without a quarter's notice, you know."

"There need be no difficulty about that. I wrote to Mrs. Mill three months ago, and told her I should most likely have the boys at home to ground after Christmas, and begged her to mention it to Mr. Mill in the way of notice."

"You did?" I exclaimed, very much annoyed, as I dare say she could see.

"Why, yes; the fact is, that when I gave up my own establishment to come here it was with a view to being of service to my poor sister's children. I do not think I could have been induced to sacrifice my own professional engagements and—and usefulness, by any other motive. They have always wanted grounding, those dear children; it was not fair to send them to a large school without previous grounding; and I should have had a better opinion of that Mr. Mill if he had told you so when you first applied to him."

I could not help wishing that Miss Grittie would not say quite so much about the sacrifices she had made on my account. I could see, however, that she would give me no peace until she had her own way about the boys; and perhaps, after all, I thought, it might be as well for them, as they are still so young.

"Who is to teach them at home?" I asked, after a pause.

"Why not have a governess?"

"A governess! No, that won't do; neither for them nor for me!"

"Well, perhaps not," said Miss Grittie, reflectively. "A tutor, then."

"You could not get a tutor out here, we are too far from town; unless you mean him to live in the house."

"Yes, of course, a resident tutor; some young man

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of good abilities, who has been at the university, and who would teach them under my direction, as Mr. Meek, the curate, used to do in my establishment."

"I could not agree to that. I am a business man, and my boys will go into business. I don't want them to learn nothing but Latin and Greek."

"Well then," said Miss Grittie, "let them have a foreigner. Modern languages will be useful in business. Some of those foreigners are very clever, and can teach almost anything. The dear boys will pick up continental languages almost without knowing it, and I will take charge of the English myself. I have, as you know, instructed boys of fifteen or sixteen years of age, and with the help of a tutor could conduct my nephews' education to a finish."

I had often seen and pitied Miss Grittie's senior pupils taking a walk hand-in-hand, with comforters round their necks, and a string of little children following them; reedy, pale-faced youths they were, of weak health apparently, and not very strong minds; that would account for their having uniformly failed to justify Miss Grittie's expectations when they left her fostering care for the rougher climate of a public school. I consented, however, for the sake of peace, to put an advertisement in the "Times" for a tutor, hoping that there would be no reply to it, or none that would be worth noticing. I drew one up as follows:—

"Tutor wanted to teach two boys. A German preferred. Fair stipend, with board and lodging.—Apply, etc., etc."

Miss Grittie made a fair copy of it in the following terms:—

"A private tutor is required to instruct two young gentlemen in continental languages and other branches. A foreigner, with some knowledge of English, would be preferred. An adequate stipend is offered, with board and residence.—Address, etc., etc."

On the evening of that same day which "gave our advertisement to the world through the medium of the 'Times,'" as Miss Grittie expressed it, the postman, after knocking at the door, "rang also," having more letters to deliver than he could by any means thrust into the letter-box. Some of them were very large, containing pamphlets or books; others were stuffed with testimonials, *cartes-de-visite*, etc., which it was requested might be returned as quickly as possible, the applicants hoping, I suppose, by that means to secure an answer of some sort or other to their letters. I saw at once that there was an evening's work before me, and my sister-in-law began at once to open the letters and to "peruse" them with much apparent gusto; but my heart failed me as I thought of what to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow would bring forth; these twenty-three letters spread out upon the sideboard were probably but as the first drops of a thunder-shower; and I foresaw that there was a bad time coming, and that my Christmas holiday was likely to be spoilt.

"Be very careful," I said to Miss Grittie, "not to get the letters mixed together; keep all the testimonials separate, and in their proper envelopes."

"Of course," she replied: and when, after a short absence from the room, I returned, I found that she had literally followed my directions, which, alas! had not been sufficiently precise for the occasion. The testimonials in their envelopes were laid in one row, the letters and pamphlets in a second, and the

cartes-de-visite in a third. How these last were ever to be identified and returned to their originals was to me a puzzle; but Miss Grittie maintained that she knew where they belonged, and I could only leave it to her to manage. Meantime we set to work upon the letters.

The first taken in hand was from a native of Ireland, probably a Home Ruler; he "considered himself a foreigner," he said; "and perceiving from our advertisement that some knowledge of English was required, he begged, etc." We sorted his testimonials at once. The second was from a Frenchman. He "had spent some time lately in Germany, and could speak the language, he could also teach drilling." Peace had lately been signed at Paris, and the writer of this letter had no doubt spent his time in Germany under a painful necessity, and not in intellectual pursuits. The third gave no direct information on the question of nationality, and was mysteriously signed E. G. Taking his letter as a specimen of his qualifications, as the initials seemed to suggest, we could only conclude that he knew very little of English, though that was evidently his vernacular. He was partial to the letter "e," and wrote "tewter," and "pewpels," *sic*.

To make a long story short, there were only three applications that called for any serious consideration; and in reply to the likeliest of these I wrote a letter the same evening, addressing it to Dr. Krauss, care of N. Bibo, Esq., Mile End Road. Dr. Krauss's testimonials were looked over several times, and appeared to be very satisfactory; they were rather old, to be sure, and smelt strongly of tobacco; but all foreigners smoke; and six out of the seven were written in German, and we could not quite make them out; but they appeared to be signed by certain professors and doctors of the University of Giessen, which was satisfactory so far; and such a thorough foreigner, Miss Grittie said, must teach the dear boys continental languages; they would become complete polyglots. Then, again, reference was permitted to N. Bibo, Esq., if we should think it worth while to trouble him; and Dr. Krauss's photograph (Miss Grittie said it was his) was decidedly prepossessing. A man of about thirty years of age he seemed to be, with a fine broad forehead and a handsome bushy beard. We placed it on the chimney-piece and forgot to remove it next day when Dr. Krauss himself entered the room at the appointed hour.

We did not know that it was the doctor, however, until he announced himself a second time, for he was not at all like the portrait. He had no beard, and not much forehead; his cheeks also were quite smooth, and even the eyebrows were imperfectly developed; his hair was long, limp, and yellow, and in that respect matched his complexion; he appeared to be about eighteen years of age, but assured us that he was much older; and his spectacles, which he never removed, gave him a certain appearance of earnestness, if not of wisdom; he was a Doctor of Philosophy, he told us; his dialect was pure, the "hochest Deutsch;" he knew French "a great," and could speak it like a "foreign," but did not "price it very." English he had studied "a tall while;" he knew also "Hebrew, Greek, Latin, military tictaks—what not?" He could teach them all, and would come "for a week or a moon to prove how we liked."

Miss Grittie asked him a great many questions, which he answered with extreme politeness, and as he was accommodating as to times and terms it was

agreed that he should come on trial at all events and enter upon his duties at once.

"You must be particular to ground your pupils thoroughly," Miss Grittie said, when all this was settled.

"So!" he answered, looking a little perplexed. "I shall grind them? How?"

My sister-in-law explained.

"You are not at all like your portrait," she remarked in the next place.

"You not like it? not like my portrait? I am sorry," he answered, drawing himself up.

"I mean that there is not much resemblance," she said, showing him the photograph.

"But, madam, how you mean? That is not of mine;" and taking out his pocket-book he produced a fac-simile of himself, spectacles and all. It was evident that we had sent his carte to the wrong person, who would, no doubt, be disgusted at receiving it in exchange for his own grave and bearded physiognomy.

I need not speak at length of the troubles, vexations, and expense to which we were subjected for many days and weeks as a result of our advertisement. Testimonials as well as photographs had been mis sent, and I was threatened with legal proceedings and received many unpleasant visits in consequence. Wild-looking men from all parts of Europe forced their way into my study and insisted on being provided with a situation "or an equivalent." One of them, a Pole, had a sword-stick, and wanted to fight me in the back garden; another sent me a copy of a paragraph which he threatened to insert in the daily papers, warning every one to avoid me as an impostor. I was obliged to fee the policemen to keep an eye upon my premises and to protect me from annoyance.

In the meantime Dr. Krauss arrived and entered upon his duties. He seemed to be an amiable but not very strong-minded young man. He had learnt his English without a master, and afforded us some amusement by his misconceptions and misconstruction of our language, but we were obliged to be very careful, as he was sensitive and touchy, and always ready to fancy that we were laughing at him. Miss Grittie had said a great deal to the two boys about politeness, warning them never to indulge in ridicule, etc., which I am sure was quite unnecessary, as their own good feeling would have taught them that; but their aunt never failed to look at them and frown whenever anything absurd was said, and that was almost sufficient to upset their gravity. The following may serve as a specimen of the little misunderstandings which arose almost daily.

"I do not like sheep's club," Dr. Krauss remarks, at dinner-time, eyeing a leg of mutton which I am about to carve; "I like better cow-flesh."

"We call it beef," says Miss Grittie, urbanely; "but this is veal before me. May I send you some? VEAL," she repeats, in a much louder key, seeing that he looks perplexed.

"Wheel?" Ah, yes, because it is round!"

It was a fillet.

"No!" shouts Miss Grittie; "VEAL is the name of it."

"Weal; I can hear you. I am not *taub*. But it is odd; the French call it 'woe.' 'Weal' is a better name for it as 'woe,' because it is goot."

All this time Tom, with Miss Grittie's eye upon him, keeps up a constant coughing behind his pocket-handkerchief.

"You have *schnupfen*," says Dr. Krauss, looking at him suspiciously; "you have a great cow in your throat."

Tom can stand it no longer, but bolts out of the room, uttering a little squeak as he slams the door, and George, who has been looking for something under the table, runs after him without having found it.

"We say *cough*," Miss Grittie remarks, "not *cow*. You will excuse my mentioning it, I know."

"C-o-u-g-h, coff. Ah! so then b-o-u-g-h is boff; and t-h-o-u-g-h thoff."

Miss Grittie demurs to this, and in her effort to ground the doctor in the principles of English pronunciation, gets into such a state of confusion that he takes it into his head that she is laughing at him. "You mock yourself of me!" he cries, and leaves the room in a tantrum, and my poor sister-in-law is so vexed at being thought capable of such rudeness that I find it very difficult to pacify her.

Dr. Krauss was stiff and formal with us after such scenes, and the poor boys had rather a bad time. When he had been with us about a fortnight he told me that he had resolved to give his pupils some instruction in the art of poetry; prose, he said, was nothing; everybody "could prose;" they must begin to write verse. To satisfy me of his own personal ability in this "branch," he showed me a translation into English of one of Schiller's ballads. "I have traduced it," he said, "from the originals. Read you it, and fear not to tell me your meaning [opinion] of it."

My knowledge of German is not extensive, but I could see that he had treated the ballad conscientiously; the translation was literal—line for line, and nearly word for word; it must have cost him a great deal of labour with his dictionary, though he had been unfortunate in his choice of equivalents; but that, he would have said, was the fault of our language. But the reader shall judge for himself:—

THE HANDSHOE OF SCHILLER

Overset into English, after the spirits and measures of the authentical; by Dr. Heinrich Krauss, Ph.D., and so wider.

Before his Lion-Garden,
The Beast-Fight taking Part in,
Sits good King Frank;
And beside him the Princes of Crown,
And from Balcony high, spying down,
The Dames in a handsome Rank.

And as he winks with his Finger
The Gate is thrown up by a Springer;
And herein, his considerate Foots,
A Lion puts;
And eyes him, proud,
The Crowd.
And, as he stares,
He rattles his Hairs;
Then spreads his Limb,
And lays down him.

And the King winks more.
Then opens him, speedy,
A second Door;
And out runs, greedy,
With savage Hop,
A Tiger before.
As he the Lion at-seeth,
He pauses a Stop,

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Wags his End
In threatening Bend,
And mills his Teeth;
Then sticks his Eye on
The gruesome Lion,
Unfar off comes,
Fiercely hums,
And lays down him.

And the King winks more;
And from another out-done Door
Two Leopards are spitted forth.
They rush, with fight-eager Haste
On the Tiger Beast.
He strokes them with his grim-rude Pats:
And the Lion, with Roar,
Elevates him up, and waits for War.
And round, in Loop,
A blood-eager Group,
Sit waiting all those grim-faced Cats.

Then falls, from the Balcony Stand,
A Handshoe, from lady-like Hand;
And comes, both the Tiger and Lion,
Pretty nigh on.

And to brave Sir Delorges, in mocking Way,
The fair Miss Kunigundé turns her Eye;
"Mr. Sir, if you love me so warm," she say
"And are of the Meaning to win me or die,
So heave me the Handshoe up."

And the Sir, who knows not Fear,
Jumps down without any Linger—
A graceful Bound!
And, from the perilous Ground,
Heaves up the Handshoe with valiant Finger.

And high astount, and sore afraid is
Every Sir, and all the Ladies.
But coolly he brings her the Handshoe-Glove,
(While his Praise is applauded from every Neck)
And with tenderest Look of Love,
To fill him with blissful Expect,
Receives him fair Miss Kunigundé.
And he throws her the Handshoe in at her Face;
And "Miss!" he cries, "I want none of your Grace":
And, in that Hour, quits her asunder.

"What you mean of that?" the doctor asked,
after I had read his poem.

"It is a fine ballad," I replied, referring to the
original rather than to the "over-setting;" "but I
do not like the conclusion. It is contrary to our
ideas of chivalry, or even of gentlemanly behaviour,
for a knight to throw his glove in a lady's face."

"Ah!" he said, "our Schiller also, perhaps,
thought so. In his first utterance of the poem he
wrote,—

"Und der Ritter sich tief verbeugend, spricht;"

but afterwards he otherved it. I, too, can other my
upsetting, if you will." Then, after a moment's
pause, he said—

"And the knight bowed low before her face."

How like you that?"

I told him it was a great improvement.

"Then you will take the mess (ms.) to your

'Times,' and say the editor shall print it. Your
'Times' is the piggest paper in the world; I will
send him a mess every week. See you the editor face
to face and tell him so."

I could not persuade Dr. Krauss that there was no
"Poet's Corner" in the "Times," and he was again
very much offended with me because I declined to exe-
cute his commission. He kept us at a distance for
several days, and took solitary walks, coming in late for
meals, and causing us all a great deal of annoyance.
At length my sister-in-law came to me one morning
with an air of great concern, and said, "Oh, Mr.
Mellow, my dear John! We must put an end to
this."

"Certainly," I said; "the sooner the better. It
was very foolish of us."

"You don't know what I mean," she answered,
sharply. "You don't know what has happened."

I waited meekly for an explanation.

"Dr. Krauss carries a loaded pistol about with him.
I have often seen the knob of it in his waistcoat-
pocket, and thought it was his pipe, but Jane has
just found it under his pillow. She almost fainted at
the sight of it, and sent for me, very properly,
because she dared not touch it."

"I'll go and see about it," I said.

"Oh, but you must be very careful," she exclaimed,
"it might go off. Had you not better speak to Dr.
Krauss? And yet I am almost afraid of him. He
has been so strange lately, and does such odd
things."

"All the more reason for speaking to him; but I
will secure the pistol first."

Just at that moment I heard the doctor's footstep,
and, opening the door, saw him ascending the stairs,
evidently going to his room to fetch his pistol. I
called to him, and told him rather warmly of the im-
propriety of having such a weapon, and of the alarm
which his carelessness in leaving it about had occasioned.

"Is it loaded?" I asked.

"Quite certainly," he replied. "What would be
the use of it if it were not?"

"What use, then, do you intend to make of it?"
I inquired, with some trepidation.

"That hangs upon conditions," he said; "it is for
my protection here in this outer land."

I told him at once that I could not and would not
allow him to keep such a weapon loaded in my
house, and Miss Grittie exclaimed no less decidedly
that it was "out of the question, and contrary to the
rules of the establishment."

"You not allow!" he said, angrily. "How you
not allow?"

"I must request you to draw the charge imme-
diately," I said.

"Draw! That is *tirer*, pull, fire? Yes!" and
setting his teeth together in great anger, he rushed
up the stairs, while I followed him as quickly as I
could. The next moment there was a loud report.
The room when I reached it was full of smoke, and
there was a hole in the ceiling. And—ah! what was
that? A bump! a scream overhead!

"The nursery! the baby!" cried my poor sister-
in-law. "He has shot somebody!"

We rushed upstairs breathless. Sarah, the nurse,
was prostrate on the floor in one corner of the room.
The baby was alive, but holding its breath, and
almost black in the face. I caught it up, but could
not discover any wound. It had been sitting on the

floor exactly over the spot which the bullet struck; if the board had been only a little thinner the consequences must have been fatal: as it was, there was a red place visible from the concussion, and a slight scratch, which might have been caused by a splinter. Of course the poor darling was terribly frightened. So was Sarah, who gave us warning immediately, and vowed she would go away "directly minute, while she could go alive."

By the time we had quieted the baby and recovered ourselves a little from the shock, a loud ringing was heard at the door-bell, and "two gentlemen" were announced. They were strangers, Jane said, and would not give their names. I went down to them with an anxious heart, expecting some fresh complication or annoyance about the missing testimonials. One of the strangers did not seem to be altogether strange to me. I fancied I had seen his face before, but could not tell where. He was apparently about thirty years of age, with a broad forehead and a handsome bushy beard.

"I received from you, by post, some short time ago," he said, in tolerable English, though he was evidently a foreigner, "a *carte-de-visite*; it was sent to me by mistake, instead of my own."

By this time I had recognised in my visitor the original of the portrait which we had erroneously supposed to be Dr. Krauss.

"I am very sorry," I said.

"Pray don't apologise," he answered; "it is of no consequence. This is the *carte* you sent me. Do you know anything of the original, Dr. Krauss?"

I told him the doctor was an inmate of my house, devoutly hoping he was come to take him out of it.

"How fortunate," he replied.

I could not agree with him, and asked him why.

"We are in search of him," he said. "His friends are anxious about him. He left them and came over to England without their knowledge, being a little affected in his mind. The *carte* which you sent me happened to be seen by an agent who had been employed to trace him, and I was able to give him your address."

Poor Dr. Krauss was soon secured, and went away arm-in-arm with one of the strangers. The other, whose *carte* was still upon my chimney-piece, then turned to me, and said, "Now you will want a tutor for your sons. I am the gentleman whom you intended to engage; that is evident. I can stay with you now."

"No, I thank you," I exclaimed. "I have changed my plans. If I had met with you at first it might have been otherwise; but no—no, thank you!"

He took his leave quietly and sadly. I was sorry to dismiss him so, but I would have no more of private tutors. The boys went back to their school the very next morning, and though fond of their home, seemed very glad to go.

Miss Grittie shook her head about it. "It is a pity," she said; "I should have been glad of the opportunity of grounding them."

"There's the baby," I said; "you can ground him."

"Yes," she answered, brightening up; "I will." And she took him in hand immediately.

"He is a very clever child," she remarked to me, not long ago. "Would you believe it? he has never been known to sit upon the floor since that day; and if nurse puts him down for a moment, he jumps again as if he had been—"

"Shot! I don't wonder at it in the least," I answered.

FISHING AT PENRHYS ISLAND, SOUTH PACIFIC.

THE natives of this island are noted fishermen, and have the reputation of being almost amphibious. As for some years past their cocoa-nut palms have scarcely borne, the islanders are chiefly dependent upon the wealth of the ocean. A lagoon, nine miles long, with a ship-passage through it, is filled with pearl oysters (*Margarifera*, Linn.) and tropical fish of all kinds, from the tiny minnow to the huge "maramea." Outside the reef, in the blue Pacific, the porpoise and the sperm-whale disport themselves. In November turtle come ashore to deposit their numerous eggs in the hot sandy beach of the less-frequented islets which enclose the lagoon. They are occasionally surprised and turned over while thus engaged. The common method of catching turtle at Penrhys is on this wise. When there is not a breath of wind stirring, and the ocean presents a glassy surface, the islanders start off in their boats and canoes at daybreak. In single file they slowly make their way to sea, eagerly straining their eyes to sight a turtle on the coral bottom. By-and-by a shout is raised, There goes a turtle (*Tena to onu*)! Boats and canoes now speedily form a circle over their intended victim, the natives rapping hard their canoes and boats in order, as they aver, to bewilder the turtle. When their object is supposed to be

attained, a man, with a rope under his armpits, dives to the bottom to surprise the turtle. Several others now follow to surround their prey and to render assistance to the first man, whose special duty it is to lay hold of the flappers of the enormous creature and to struggle up with it to the surface, diver and turtle being hauled up together. Sometimes his companions below, to aid the turtler, catch hold of the hair of his head, and so drag him up.* Two or three turtles make a good day's sport.

The "sacred fish" of these islanders in the olden time were the robber crab (*Birgus latro*), a species of land crab called the "Tupa," the octopus, and the conger-eel. Turtles and porpoises were eaten only by men. The superstition of those days was that if

* This may seem incredible. In 1872 I spent a day at Nukunau, one of the Gilbert Islands. Crowds of savages came off to us in boats made by themselves of thin planks beautifully sewn together with sinnet. One boat overtook and sailed round the John Williams when going at the rate of six knots. The islanders came to see the white strangers and to dispose of helmets of porcupine fish, complete suits of armour of cocoa-nut fibre, and swords of hard wood with formidable rows of shark's teeth running the entire length. The order that no woman should be allowed on deck was observed for awhile, until a woman, enraged at the non-disposal of her curios, called out to a countryman who was leaning over the bulwarks, and was at once pulled up by him on deck by the hair of her head! Her companion was afterwards being pulled up in the same fashion, when her hair proved too short for the man to retain his hold, and she fell plump into the boat. It was evident that they were none the worse, for they laughed heartily. There can be no question that civilisation increases sensitiveness to ps!

a woman ate of the porpoise, her children would have porpoise faces!

Shoals of porpoises are occasionally driven ashore by the Penrhyn islanders; they think it poor fun if the result is less than four or five porpoises apiece. When a shoal comes in sight, as many boats and canoes as they can muster, each carrying large stones, go right out to sea to cut off their retreat. The porpoises are easily driven towards shore by the sight of approaching boats and the shouts of excited natives. On nearing the reef, some of the big stones are dropped into the sea to add to their alarm. Again and again great stones are dropped. When close in, numbers of natives dive down among them, until, in sheer terror, they rush through the boiling surf on the reef, and are at once dispatched by those ashore.

A curious method of fishing is practised by these fearless islanders. A canoe is paddled outside the reef and anchored with a stone; a hook is then fastened to a line about the length of a man's arm, and duly baited with a piece of fish. Another piece of fish is chewed until it is quite soft, and is retained in the mouth. The fisherman now dives to a great depth, and upon seeing a fine fish throws out the masticated bait along with the baited hook. As soon as the fish is caught it is killed by a bite on its neck, and the fisherman comes up at once to deposit it in his canoe. Again and again this process is repeated until the fisherman is satisfied with his success. It is surprising how many they will catch in this way in a very short time. Sometimes you may see a couple of natives half a mile from shore provided only with a plank, on which they keep their bait, and to which they secure the fish they may catch with sinnet. Indeed, the Penrhyn islanders seem almost as much at home in the sea as on land.

Sharks are, of course, very numerous. During the early phases* of the moon in April young fish arrive in great quantities, the ocean being seemingly alive with them. The first intimation of their arrival is the unwanted number of sea-birds flying low and gorging themselves. At such times the islanders easily approach the sharks as they swim about on the surface feasting themselves; they contrive adroitly to drop here and there a running noose over the tail, and then suddenly haul them into their boats. At other times, like the Aitutakians and some other islanders, they dive down several fathoms, enter the caverns in the reef where they rest, and passing a rope with a slip-knot round the tail, hastily rise to the surface and haul up their prey.

Many narrow escapes occur. A few months since, Tutoa and Anure one evening crossed the lagoon to an islet to fish. After a good night's rest, at, say, 4 a.m. (having no canoe), they swam out to sea with their fishing gear, and fished so successfully that by 6 a.m. they were ready to return to shore. Their spoil was, according to their custom, strung together with the midrib of the cocoa-nut frond, and secured to a float six feet in length. After swimming a little way, they observed a large shark following them. They hurriedly tore off with their teeth some of the fish and threw them to the foe. Again they struck out for shore, but on looking back found that the hungry shark, after swallowing the mouthful thrown to him, was still on their track. Other fish were now torn off and thrown to the monster. Again they swam for dear life, but found themselves still chased

by the shark. More fish were thrown to him and devoured. Again they pressed on for shore, hoping this time to gain it, but the shark was too quick for them. As a last resource, they threw to their relentless foe the remainder of their fish with the float to which they were firmly secured. On, on they swam for the reef. How terribly anxious those moments! Somewhat delayed by repeated efforts to tear off the fish from the plank, the shark resumed his chase after the terrified swimmers. But by the good hand of God their feet touched the reef ere the foe could get sufficiently near to turn on his back for the fatal bite. Tutoa and Anure believe that their preservation was in answer to agonising mental prayer.

The native superstition is that sharks will not attack human beings unless they have quarrelled, or in some other way offended.

A species of *murena* on Penrhyns goes ashore occasionally in pursuit of fish that in their terror have leaped on the shingle. Another sort moves over the coral, half out of water, erect on its tail! Hence its Raratonga name "tu-ua," i.e., "the erect."

White traders supply the Penrhyn islanders with imported cocoa-nuts, arrowroot, rice, and biscuit, in exchange for pearl shell, at the rate of ten shells for a dollar. A few days ago eighty shells were given for a dollar, but shells are growing scarce. The pearl oyster-beds ought to be left alone for five years; but hunger is imperious. But why hungry amid such abundance of fish? It is found to be impossible to sustain life for any lengthened period on fish diet alone. Vegetable food of some sort or other is absolutely necessary. Year by year the natives dive deeper and deeper, without weights or artificial aids of any kind. Sixty feet is no uncommon depth for a pearl diver on Penrhyns. Not a year passes but we hear of divers who never return—either exhausted and drowned by the weight of shell and the tremendous pressure of water upon them, or (as seems most probable) snapped up by hungry sharks.

Valuable black as well as white pearls are obtained occasionally on this low coral island, which is only about ten feet above the level of the surrounding ocean.

WILLIAM WYATT GILL, B.A.

Raratonga, South Pacific.

FROM LYONS TO PARIS.*

"ALL roads lead to Paris," and the ordinary tourist when upon one of the great lines of French railway is mostly too anxious to finish his outward or homeward journey to observe more upon the way than can be seen through the windows of his carriage, or gathered during long pauses for refreshment at the *buffets*. Happy the traveller who has leisure to halt from time to time to wander away from the stations, unencumbered save by knapsack; and to note, in however rapid a survey, those characteristics both of places and of people which to the majority of visitors are utterly unknown. No one who can do this will lightly condemn French scenery *en masse* as monotonous and uninteresting, or describe French people, in one compendious phrase, as only

* From "French Pictures, Drawn with Pen and Pencil." By the Rev. Dr. Green. Just issued by the Religious Tract Society.

* Each phase has a distinct name; there are thirty to each moon.

frivolous, pleasure-loving, and idle. There are Englishmen who have much to learn from the patient daily industry, the contented and cheerful domestic life, the frugality and temperance of many a French peasant or artisan, in country or in town.

A journey marked by pleasant halts was that from Lyons to Paris. At Mâcon, so well known as a junction and refreshment-station on the chief Swiss route, as well as a great emporium for the wines of Burgundy, perhaps the most interesting of these

veller who descends towards Provence or Italy by the steamers by which the river is continually furrowed. Above these ruins of the ancient cathedral there stretch, to the distance of nearly half a league, long lines of white houses and of quays, where the merchandise of Southern France and the products of Burgundian vineyards are constantly being shipped or unshipped. The upper part of the town, out of sight of the river, is abandoned to stillness and repose. It might be called a Spanish city; grass



THE TOMB OF LAMARTINE.

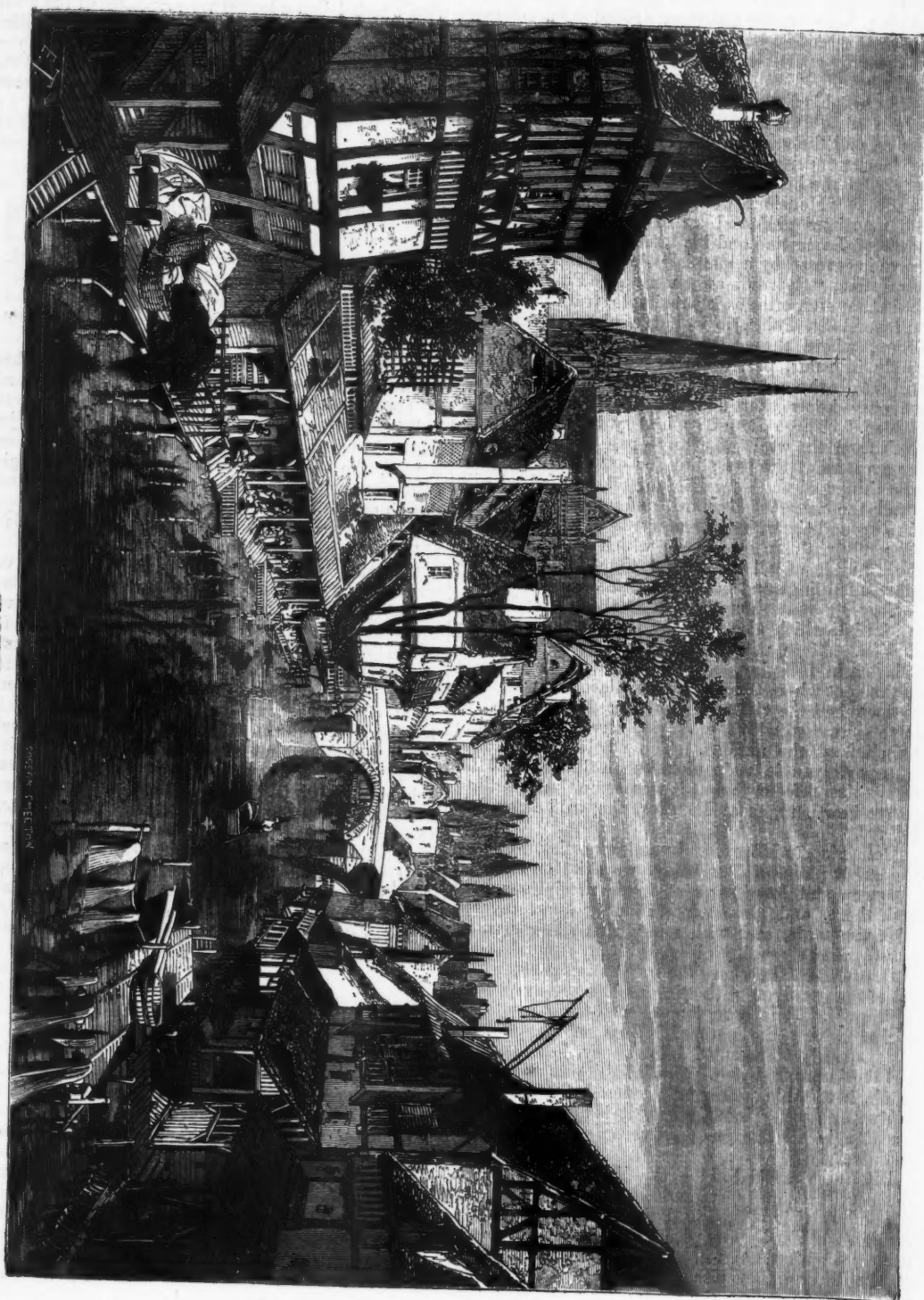
stoppages was made. It was not that there was anything especially striking in the town, although the ruined towers of the Romanesque Cathedral of St. Vincent are very fine, and the distant ethereal vision of Mont Blanc in favourable weather from the bridge over the Saône is worth stopping to see. But the little quiet city is so connected with the memory of Lamartine as well to deserve the passing notice of all whose youthful imagination was fired by the events of 1848, and who were taught great lessons by the failures and disappointments that followed.

This is how the poet describes the town of his birth:—"On the banks of the Saône, some leagues above Lyons, rises, on the slope of a hill but little raised above the plain, the small but charming town of Mâcon. Two Gothic towers, dilapidated and worn by time, attract the eye and the thought of the tra-

grows, all the summer through, between the paving-stones; the lofty walls of ancient convents darken the narrow streets; there are college, hospital, churches, some restored, others in ruins and used by the coopers of the district for storehouses; a large *Place*, planted at its two extremities with linden-trees, where children play and old people sit in the sun; long faubourgs of low houses, which wind to the summit of the hill; and around the *Place* five or six hotels or large houses, almost always closed, to which in the winter the old families of the province repair. Such is a general view of the upper town. At one of the angles of the *Place*, which was before the Revolution a rampart, and which still preserves that name, may be seen a large and lofty house, pierced with few windows, and of which the high and massive walls, blackened by the rain and fretted by the sun, have

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for more than a century been bound together by massive clamps of iron. A high, wide gate, approached by two steps, opens to a long vestibule, at the end of which a heavy stone staircase, lighted by a colossal window, ascends from storey to storey to numerous and gloomy apartments. This is the house in which I was born."

The graphic sketch of the poet well represents the Mâcon of to-day, save that the "coopers" are still busier, and the vast stores of warehoused burgundy yet more wonderful. These last were evidently, in the esteem of the hotel-keeper, the glory of Mâcon, and of course "Monsieur would go and see *les cuves*?" But monsieur preferred an excursion to the rural home of Lamartine and his tomb at St. Point. His grave is covered by a simple pointed arch, with the inscription, "*Speravit anima mea.*" Fit motto for that changeful, often sad, yet simple, truthful life!

Beyond St. Point, it is but a pleasant drive to Cluny, where the great Benedictine abbey, now partly in ruins, partly devoted to other purposes, still recalls the memory of the lonely monk of whom we only know that he sang of "Jerusalem the Golden." Three Popes, so history tells, have gone forth from the walls of Cluny—one of them among the greatest of the line; but for one English visitor who thinks of the fiery Hildebrand, a hundred will recall the name of Bernard, and murmur, as they pace around the ruins, some words of those quaint, strangely pathetic strains, in which he has taught the Church of all succeeding time to express its fondest longings and brightest hopes.

Very different thoughts are awakened by Paray-le-Monial, which also we may visit in the same excursion. Here, as at Lourdes, we see the forces of delusion in full play, leading thousands of pilgrims to the spot where the nun Marie Alacoque professed to have had the vision of the Sacred Heart, and to have conversed with the Virgin, sorrowing over the unbelief of the nations. The whole story I had seen portrayed in rude pictures on the walls of La Chartreuse refectory; but it was somewhat startling to see how here, as at Lourdes, the wild legend is believed.

Returning to Mâcon, and passing northward along the great plain of Burgundy, we skirt on the west "a steep and lofty bank of land, precipitous here and there, and almost interminably long, covered with vineyards, and with many rich villages at its base. That steep, long bank of stony ground is the famous Côte d'Or, where the grapes are grown which fill so many cellars with wine and so many pockets with gold. It is a region of well-to-do people—a region where the perennial flow of grape-juice, always easily transmuted into money, has made all but the imprudent rich. The inhabitants are manly, frank, hospitable, and good-tempered, though rather hasty; and as for intelligence, it is not easy to find a region in all Europe where men's wits are so keen and lively.*

Dijon was reached at length—the capital of ancient Burgundy, a stately, splendid, quiet city, and at the time of my visit bathed in dazzling, almost blinding, sunlight. Hardly any place in "fair France" is so thronged with memories. The wealth and splendour of the Burgundian dukes; the series of struggles which ended in, near the close of the fifteenth century, the partition of the province between France

and Austria; the energy with which the French province adhered to the Papal cause during the wars of religion in the sixteenth century; the enthusiasm with which Dijon adopted the principles of the Revolution at the close of the last century, and the calamities which it underwent in the Franco-Prussian war, all belong to history. Of this last conflict there remain few or no memorials; the past has reasserted its sway, and at Dijon, almost more than in any other city of France, the visitor apprehends the distinctness of the ancient division of the country into minor states and sovereignties. The palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, now the Hôtel de Ville, bears on its façade the inscription,—

EN CE PALAIS SONT NÉS,

Jean sans Peur . . .	28 Mai . . .	MCCCLXXI.
Philippe le Bon . . .	30 Juin . . .	MCCCCXVI.
Charles le Téméraire . . .	10 Nov. . .	MCCCCXXXIII.

In the Salle des Gardes are magnificent tombs of John the Fearless, with his consort Marguerite, also of his father Philip the Bold. On the whole, this hall is as well worth visiting as anything in Dijon; while throughout the vast building of which it forms a part, the treasures of art and the archaeological collections will well repay the traveller who has a day to spend in quiet disengagement from the present. Somehow, with all its modernness, there is an old-world air about Dijon.

The run from Dijon to Paris is long and very wearisome, refreshed by glimpses of the Yonne, whose downward course the railway follows. A very pleasant détour, however, may be made at Sens into the valley of the Loire; and as I was desirous of seeing Bourges and Chartres, which in a former tour I had been compelled to omit, I adopted this somewhat circuitous route to Paris. Bourges, for five hundred years the capital of Aquitaine, is in one of those positions that seem made for great cities. From the time when the great plain first became inhabited, it must have been then, and must always have been, a metropolis. Upon a broad eminence, at the confluence of three considerable streams, it commands the whole country round. Julius Caesar speaks of it, under its ancient name of Avaricum, as "*oppidum maximum munitissimumque*"—"totius Gallie prope pulcherrima," and it still in a high degree sustains the character. There are no Roman remains, which is a little surprising; but in mediæval strictness the city abounds. Chief of all is the cathedral, nobly placed on the crowning platform of the city, and visible, it is said, at a distance of thirty miles. It is an edifice which, in the words of Jules Verne, "reproduces the whole succession of architectural styles for four centuries, from the austere Roman to the flamboyant Gothic of the Renaissance." Until I saw Chartres I thought the interior of Bourges Cathedral the finest in France. Its aisles, two on each side, are unbroken by transepts, an arrangement which gives an almost unique impression of majestic simplicity. Of the details of the building little need be said, except that the painted glass of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, here as elsewhere, is of almost inimitable splendour. Emerging from the cathedral, and with little time to spare, I walked through the principal streets, which are broad and noble, with a singularly striking Hôtel de Ville, where the variety of Gothic art is displayed almost

* "Round my House," by P. G. Hamerton, pp. 23-25.

to the point of fantasy. No two windows or mouldings are alike, and yet the impression of the whole is that of a true unity—how much better than any mechanical uniformity!

There are glorious walks on the Bourges ramparts, open to every breeze that sweeps across the valley, but I could not linger, and was soon on my route to Chartres. The two unequal cathedral towers of this town also are visible from a great distance in all directions, above the vast plain of corn divided by trenches, or low, narrow embankments into hedgeless fields, interspersed with few trees, and in its very monotony impressive from the suggestion of abundance which it gives. We have passed from the land of wine to the land of corn, and the amazing richness and fertility of both give almost a new sense of the bounteousness which fills this fair world with plenty. Chartres itself is a quiet, sleepy-looking little town, with irregular streets and open places, disclosing some beautiful views over the great corn-plain, and down the valley of the Eure. But the cathedral is the great attraction, and I may say at once that whether from the contrast between the stately pile and its quaint homely surroundings, or from the vastness and symmetry of the building itself as distinct from all magnificence of detail, no French cathedral impressed me so much. With ever-increasing wonder, I spent hours in exploring the cathedral, descending to its long glimmering crypts, with their little chapels and altars at intervals, where tapers were dimly burning—glad to escape again from the chill subterranean corridor to the nave, flooded with radiance from the vast and magnificent windows of painted glass. To study these alone is worth a journey to Chartres.

But to return to my starting-point at Sens. There are probably few travellers who will follow my example in taking Orleans and Chartres *en route* to Paris. On another occasion, pursuing the direct road, and having travelled by a slow train from Dijon, I was fain, from very weariness, to halt for a day at Fontainebleau, and was more than repaid. Everybody knows this place by name, and multitudes are familiar with the glimpses of far-reaching woodland that may be gained where the railway skirts the forest, but few English travellers, I think, have any notion of the richness, the beauty, the extraordinary variety of this fair domain. It was dark when, in a jolting omnibus, I was driven, as it seemed for miles—I found it afterwards just a mile and a half—from

the station to the hotel. In the morning I looked out upon a broad, clean, quiet street; a few steps brought me to a great lonely mediæval palace, which I afterwards found well worth visiting for the strangely varied associations which attach to its small and stately rooms and long deserted galleries. Catherine de Médicis, Diana of Poitiers, Queen Christina of Sweden, Henrietta Maria of England, Louis XIV and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, hapless Marie Antoinette, Napoleon I and the wronged and noble Josephine, the imprisoned Pope Pius VII, and Louis Philippe, "the citizen king,"—all have their memorials here; and one realises better the greater facts of history in seeing the very places where they occurred. With Louis Philippe the historical interest of Fontainebleau comes to an end; yet the old place seems as though it might once again be filled with life and activity, and become the scene of great events. True, it bears the stamp of royalty throughout, but Republics have had their stately palaces too.

The gardens will fascinate the lovers of elaborate arrangement and orderly primness, but are not otherwise remarkable except for their great fish-ponds. On the whole, they scarcely repay a walk round, especially when outside them stretches the magnificent forest, with its heathery slopes, dark fir woods, vast expanses of greensward, planted with beech and oak, and a surface broken into wild, picturesque gorges by "the scars" and rocky projections of the sandstone. Quarries of this stone, which is largely used in paving the streets of Paris, have been excavated on the skirts of the forest, and employ a large number of workmen. The excursions through the undulating expanse of woodland, fifty miles in circumference, and covering an area of 42,500 acres, are of the most fascinating variety; one might wander for days, meeting new beauties at every turn. For the guidance of pedestrians, a map of the forest, a perfect model in its way, has been prepared by "Sylvain," a true forest enthusiast—a retired soldier, M. Denecourt, who has devoted the latter part of his life to exploring every part of the neighbourhood, and to making its beauties more accessible. Under his direction, footpaths have been cut to all the most picturesque spots; and blue arrows painted on trees at every dubious point make the way plain, so that even "children in the wood" need not here be lost. It was with reluctant steps that I turned away from this fairyland even for Paris.

RECENT CENTRAL AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.

II.—LAKE TANGANYIKA AND THE LIVINGSTONE (CONGO).

LAKE TANGANYIKA, destined, like the Victoria Nyanza, to be in the future an important centre of commerce and civilisation in the African interior, was discovered by Lieutenants Burton and Speke on the 15th February, 1858. Nine years later it was visited by Dr. Livingstone, who, travelling from the south, reached the plateau commanding the south-west corner of the lake on the 2nd of April, 1867. In the interval between 1867 and 1869 Livingstone traversed the whole south-western shore from the extreme south end to Kasengé, an island on the

western side, first visited by Speke in 1858. From Kasengé, Livingstone crossed over to Ujiji. The country of Ujiji lies along the eastern shore of the lake for a distance of forty-five miles, and with a breadth inland of about twenty miles. Its king lives among the mountains of the interior, the victim of the superstitious dread that if he looks upon the lake he dies. The town or port of Ujiji, lying on the margin of the lake and within ear-shot of the breaking waves on its beach, is divided into two districts—Ugoy, inhabited by Arab traders, and

Kawélé, by slaves and natives. This Arab settlement occupies a prominent place in the story of Central African exploration. It has been the rendezvous of all travellers from the east coast and the point of departure for further discovery. It was the haven in which the weary and baffled Livingstone, after long years of travel, found refuge, and its market-place is famous as the meeting-ground of Mr. Stanley with the destitute explorer in November, 1871. Mr. Stanley on his arrival at Ujiji was the fourth white man who up to that time had set eyes on the Tanganyika. The fifth was Commander Cameron, who arrived at the same destination in February, 1874. All these celebrated travellers have contributed their respective quotas to the exploration of this interesting inland sea. Speke was its first European navigator. Burton and Speke together explored the north-western coast as far as Uvira; Livingstone and Stanley, in 1871, voyaged to its extreme northern end, and settled the doubtful question of the inflow or outflow of the Rusiza river. This river, with an impetuous current and by three mouths, they found to enter the lake. Cameron surveyed its eastern, southern, and western shores, and described the scenery and features of the coast-line. He enumerates ninety-six rivers, besides torrents and springs, as falling into the lake, and but one, the Lukuga, flowing out. This traveller appears to have satisfied himself that the Lukuga, which he entered until stopped by a barrier of papyrus, was an actual outlet of the Tanganyika—that its waters find their way to the Luabala, and that consequently he had discovered the connection of the Tanganyika with the Congo system.*

So matters stood until the second visit of Mr. Stanley to Ujiji in 1876, after he had successfully circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, and two years after Cameron's departure from the Tanganyika. Before, however, adverting to Mr. Stanley's exploration of the lake, and in particular to his testimony as to the Lukuga, we give in his own words his reflections on revisiting scenes to him so memorable and full of interest.

"At noon on the 27th of May," he says, "the bright waters of the Tanganyika broke upon the view, and compelled me to linger admiringly for awhile, as I did on the day I first beheld them. Nothing was much changed, except the ever-changing mud tembés (houses) of the Arabs. The square, or plaza, where I met David Livingstone in November, 1871, is now occupied by large tembés. The house where he and I lived has long ago been burnt down, and in its place there remains only a few embers and a hideous void. The lake expands with the same grand beauty before the eyes as we stand in the market-place. The opposite mountains of Goma have the same blue-black colour, for they are everlasting, and the Liuché river continues its course as brown as ever just east and south of Ujiji. The surf is still as restless, and the sun as bright; the sky retains its glorious azure, and the palms all their beauty; but the grand old hero, whose presence

once filled Ujiji with such absorbing interest for me, was gone."

Launched from the beach at Ujiji, the Lady Alice was once again afloat on the waters of this other inland sea. Her captain is about to explore, as he expresses it, "the mountain barriers which enfold the Tanganyika for the discovery of some gap which lets out, or is supposed to let out, the surplus water of rivers which, from a dim and remote period, have been pouring into it from all sides."

Mr. Stanley started on this fresh exploration with the conviction that the waters of the lake were steadily and rapidly rising. He had observed that three palm-trees which stood in the market-place of Ujiji in November, 1871, were now about one hundred feet in the lake, and that the sand beach over which he had taken morning walks with Livingstone was now distant from the shore over two hundred feet. This conviction as to the rising of the waters gandered the suspicion in his mind—a suspicion strengthened by native testimony—that there was really no present outlet to the Tanganyika, notwithstanding that he had heard at Zanzibar that Cameron had discovered an outlet in the Lukuga river. Our space will not allow us to notice the graphic description Mr. Stanley gives of the impressive scenery of the eastern, the southern, and the western shores, as viewed on his cruise from his point of departure at Ujiji, until the well-known and well-cultivated Kasengé Island, with its grassy cone, and the dark range of the Goma Mountains, came into view. The impression of the rising level of the lake received at Ujiji was repeatedly confirmed. On entering the Rugufu river on the eastern side, Para, the guide, who had also been with Cameron, stood up and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, mother, mother, see ye now! when I was with that other white man here we camped on a strip of land which is now buried in the water; the Tanganyika is indeed eating the land."

Again, from the time Livingstone visited the river Rufuvu on the south-western shore in 1867, until Stanley's visit in 1876—a period of nine years—the waters were found to have encroached on the village meadows by over one thousand yards. The same testimony as to the rising of the waters is borne by Cameron. Mr. Stanley's examination of the Lukuga creek or river is the point on which the main interest of his minute exploration of the Tanganyika concentrates. In various ways he applied his tests, but at the date (16th July, 1876) he found no outward current—no outflowing river. The real or seeming outflow observed by Cameron, Stanley attributes mainly to the current caused by the action of strong southward winds. He concludes that the Tanganyika has really no effluent. Fed by over a hundred rivers and streams, some of large volume, it may then well be asked, where do the waters go?

Other observations made by Mr. Stanley in his careful examination of the coast-line may perhaps serve to throw light on this perplexing geographical problem. Along the northern and greater part of the eastern shore he could find no traces that the lake had reached a greater height than at present. But from Mpimbwé ridge southwards he saw numerous evidences in the wave-dismantled and polished rocks that at some bygone past period the waters had stood many yards higher. The southern portions of the western and eastern shore alike showed signs of a sudden subsidence of the waters without a disturbance of the strata. These pheno-

* The following, from Commander Cameron's book, "Across Africa," conveys his personal evidence on what Mr. Stanley's subsequent exploration has proved to be an interesting geographical problem: "In company with the chief I went four or five miles down the river (the Lukuga) until the navigation was rendered impossible, owing to the masses of floating vegetation. Here the depth was three fathoms, breadth six hundred yards, current one and a half knots, and sufficiently strong to drive us well into the vegetation. I noticed that the embouchures of some small streams flowing into the river were unmistakably turned from the lake, and that the weed set in the same direction."

mena our explorer accounts for by the supposition that the northern half of the lake is of later formation than the southern, that a sudden extension of its profound bed was made by a great earthquake, and that as a consequence of this convulsion the waters south emptied themselves into the deep gulf north, thus leaving the bed of the Lukuga no longer what it had once been, the outlet of the Tanganyika. Now, however, from the rising of the waters, the Lukuga, he believes, is about to resume its old functions. "We have seen," he says, "in the Lukuga the first symptoms of that overflowing which must come. At present there are only a few inches of mud-banks and a frail barrier of papyrus and reeds to interpose between the waters of the lake and their destiny, which is now year by year steadily approaching. When the Tanganyika has risen three feet higher, there will be no surf at the mouth of the Lukuga, no sill of sand, no oozing mud-banks, no rush-covered old river-course, but the accumulated waters of over a hundred rivers will sweep through the ancient gap with the force of a cataclysm, bearing away on its flood all the deposits of organic debris at present in the Lukuga creek, down the steep incline, to swell the tribute due to the mighty Livingstone." Should this conclusion be realised, future travellers will find in the Lukuga an outlet of the Tanganyika of nearly as great volume as the Victoria Nile on its issue from the Victoria Nyanza.

A glance at the map will show the curiously elongated shape of the Tanganyika lake. Unlike the Victoria Nyanza, it is of an enormous depth, its bed forming a vast chasm between the surrounding mountains. These mountains rise to the height of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of its dark-blue waters. Its breadth is from ten to forty-five miles, on an average twenty-eight miles, while its length is 329 miles, and its superficial area covers a space of 9,240 square miles.

The task of exploration accomplished in a voyage of 810 miles without any mishap, having occupied in all fifty-one days, Mr. Stanley, with his picked crew, rejoined the expedition which had remained at Ujiji. There, with the entire body of his followers, he continued for a time, and mingled with the busy traffickers of its market-place. This Arab settlement and port town of the Tanganyika has a resident population of some 3,000 souls, and a very considerable commerce. To its market the natives of the countries adjoining the lake bring their varied products. Uhha, we are told, sends daily its grain, beans, fowls, goats, broad-tailed sheep, butter, and sometimes oxen; Urundi, like products, with palm-oil and palm-nuts, bananas and plantains; Uvira, its iron, in wire of all sizes, bracelets and anklets; Ubwari, its cassava and large quantities of fish; Uvinza, its salt; Uguha, its goats, sheep, and Indian corn; the rural natives of Ujiji from the interior districts, many and varied products; and the lake coast natives their slaves, whitebait, fresh fish, ivory, baskets, nets, spears, bows and arrows; while the Wangwana and Arab slaves bring slaves, fuel, ivory, wild fruit, rice, sugar-cane, and honey from the Ukaraanga forest. The currency consists of cloths, sheeting, prints, and beads. May we not anticipate the time when a direct and easily traversed road will connect the Tanganyika with the east coast; when steamers will ply on its waters; when the curse of the slave traffic will have vanished, and legitimate commerce, with civilisation and Christianity, bind

together in peaceful pursuits the savage and too often hostile tribes on its shores?

We now, however, turn from the Tanganyika to follow the steps of Lieutenant Cameron, and after him of Mr. Stanley, to the Lualaba, and to trace the progress of exploration in its course westwards. It was the hope and purpose of Cameron to clear up the mystery of the Lualaba—that great river beside which Livingstone had so long wandered in perplexity as to its destination, and which, flowing away north from Nyangwé, he imagined to be the Nile. On leaving the Tanganyika, Cameron was cheered by the hope of getting boats at Nyangwé, and of floating down the unknown waters—which, however, he surmised to be the waters of the Congo—in two or three months, to the Atlantic.

But where originates, and whence comes, this mighty Lualaba, whose course beyond Nyangwé up to this time was altogether unknown? In that vast and hitherto untrodden region which lies to the south of the Tanganyika and westwards of Lake Nyassa, Livingstone, in his journey from 1866 to 1869, struck upon the Chambezi at a point where numerous streams gather into its waters. His subsequent explorations proved this river to enter Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo—a lake discovered by him on the 16th July, 1868. Emerging from the western side of this lake, the Chambezi assumes the name of the Luapula, flows north, and falls into Lake Moero. Lake Moero the traveller describes as of a goodly size; its banks of coarse sand, gradually sloping down to the water, and flanked by ranges of mountains on the east and west. On leaving this lake, the river in question is known by the name of the Lualaba. Flowing northwards, with a bearing to the west, and through tracts yet unpenetrated, the Lualaba reaches the Arab depôt of Nyangwé. Beyond Nyangwé Livingstone was unable to trace its course. Baffled in the effort, he retired on the Tanganyika.

Cameron arrived at this extreme Arab settlement of Nyangwé in August, 1874; but unable after every effort to obtain boats, he was forced, like his predecessor, to abandon his cherished purpose of solving by actual exploration the great remaining problem of Central African geography. "This great stream," reasoned Cameron, as he lingered on its banks, "must be one of the head-waters of the Congo; for where else could that giant among-rivers, second only to the Amazon in its volume, obtain 2,000,000 cubic feet of water, which it unceasingly pours each second into the Atlantic?" And yet he must forego his fond hope of verifying his surmise, and of tracing its waters to the ocean.

Commander Cameron, on leaving Nyangwé, bent his steps southwards, and, after traversing a rich and hitherto unexplored country, completed his march across Africa, and emerged on the western coast at the Portuguese settlement of Benguela. If Cameron had not explored the Congo, he had done what ranked next to that great achievement—he had laid open a country before entirely unknown to geographers; a marvellous land, the products of which, according to his testimony, "equal in variety, value, and quantity those of the most favoured portions of the globe." Writing soon after his arrival on the west coast to Sir Henry Rawlinson, he describes the African interior which he had traversed as "mostly a magnificent and healthy country, of unspeakable richness." This great region, well-

watered, fertile, free from tracts of desert, rich alike in vegetable and mineral products, surpasses in variety of configuration the region east of Lake Tanganyika. "Some of the views," says the traveller, "would require a Longfellow or a Tennyson to describe, or a Claude or a Turner to paint."

Lieutenant Cameron unites with Livingstone, and with all who know the interior of Africa, in strong reprobation of the terrible slave trade. "The cruelties perpetrated in the heart of Africa," he says, "by men calling themselves Christians and carrying the Portuguese flag, can scarcely be credited by those living in a civilised land." It is his conviction, founded on his experience, that the slave traffic can only be abolished by opening up Africa to legitimate commerce, and, as he points out, this can best be done by utilising the magnificent water systems and rivers of the interior. Lieutenant Cameron's journey, twelve hundred miles of which was through before unknown territory, apart from its humane and commercial aspects, yielded valuable additions to geographical knowledge. Its cost, from first to last, it may be mentioned, was upwards of £12,000.

Having followed Cameron to the Atlantic, we return to Nyangwé, and to the shores of the still unopened and mysterious Lualaba. Having left Ujiji, Mr. Stanley, on the 5th October, 1876, crossed the watershed that divides the affluents of the Tanganyika from the head-waters of the Luama. On the 11th he crossed the Luama, and, following the course of that river, he sought its junction with the Lualaba. Suddenly, from the crest of a low ridge, the traveller witnessed the confluence of the Luama with the majestic Lualaba. The former appeared to have a breadth of 400 yards at the mouth; the latter was about 1,400 yards wide—"a broad river, of a pale grey colour, winding slowly from south and by east." "We hailed its appearance," says Mr. Stanley, "with shouts of joy, and rested on the spot to enjoy the view. A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed on the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science was waiting to be solved. My task was to follow it to the ocean."

From this point the explorer conducted his expedition to Nyangwé. The town of Nyangwé interesting and important as the meeting-place of the Arab traders from the east coast with the Portuguese traders from the west coast, stands on the eastern side of the Lualaba and on the verge of a high and reddish bank rising some forty feet above the river, and is divided into two sections, in each of which resides a rich Arab chief, with his friends and retainers. In the northern section there are about 300 houses. The southern part of the town is divided from the northern by a broad hollow, cultivated and sown with rice by the Arabs. When the river rises to full flood this hollow is filled with water. An important institution of Nyangwé is the Kituka, or market, which resembles that of Ujiji. Mr. Stanley counted no fewer than fifty-seven different articles sold for cowries, beads, copper and iron wire, and squares of palm cloth. And, like any other scene of European traffic, he found among the traffickers "the same rivalry in extolling their wares, the eager, quick action, the emphatic gesture, the inquisitive look, the facial expressions of scorn and triumph, anxiety, joy, and plausibility."

When the intrepid explorer left Nyangwé on the 5th November, 1876, with the purpose of following

the Lualaba to the ocean, and thereby proving it to be the Congo, the whole region to the west was unknown and unpenetrated. The successful accomplishment of this gallant enterprise will ever remain one of the greatest feats of African exploration.

From its rise in the region of Lake Nyassa, until it falls into the waters of the Atlantic, the majestic river receives from the natives on its banks many and varied appellations. Using the right or privilege of a discoverer, Mr. Stanley, in honour of the great traveller, has named it the *Livingstone*. This name we have used in this paper, although the council of the Royal Geographical Society do not seem disposed to adopt it. English, not less than Continental, geographers, will be reluctant to abandon the familiar name Congo, which has been used in all languages, and applied to the river for the last 300 years.

We make no attempt, with the brief space at our disposal, to follow in detail the adventurous course of the explorer to the ocean. Disease, cataracts, dense forests, fierce hostility on the part of the natives, and hunger, formed difficulties all but insuperable, and which nothing but the highest courage and resource could have overcome. The terrible forests of Uregga and the Stanley Falls, consisting of seven cataracts, mighty barriers to progress, were successfully surmounted, but not without much suffering, pains, and toil. At the seventh cataract the great river, which is 1,300 yards wide a mile above it, contracts to a width of 500 yards. "Here the river does not merely fall," says Mr. Stanley; "it is precipitated downwards. The Ripon Falls at the Victoria Lake outlet, compared to this swift descent and furious on-rush, were languid. The Livingstone, with over ten times the volume of the Victoria Nile, though only occupying the same breadth of bed, conveys to the sense the character of irresistible force, and unites great depth with a tumultuous rush."

Near to the Stanley Falls the river, on crossing the Equator, abandons its direct northern course, flowing west-north-west; it then flows west across two degrees of latitude, gradually deflecting towards the south, thence its course is about south-south-west until it reaches the Atlantic. Of the many large affluents of the Livingstone, which on both banks pour their waters to swell its volume, the Mburra, the Aruwimi, the Ikelemba, and the Ibari are the chief. The Ikelemba, the Ohio of the Livingstone, is the largest river entering from the left bank. For 130 miles its waters, of a tea colour, rolling in the same bed, refuse to mingle with the grey-brown waters of the main stream. On the right bank the magnificent Aruwimi, supposed to be the Wellé of Schweinfurth, the largest of the tributaries, joins the Livingstone, with a width of nearly 2,000 yards at the point of confluence.

"Including the basin of the Tanganyika" to quote from Mr. Stanley's paper read in June last to the Geographical Society, "which did, and must again, supply water to the Livingstone, this mighty river obtains its supplies from an area of 952,000 square miles. Like to the Amazon, in draining an equatorial region, its sudden and quick increase of volume is thereby accounted for. Unlike the Nile, from its source to its exit into the Atlantic Ocean, almost every square mile sends some portion of water to swell its power and force. It has no thirsty desert to feed, it has no extent of level land to irrigate, but from both banks the affluents flow, bringing with

them to its deep and capacious bed the burden of moisture which they have drained from the humid tropics. There are many rivers of longer course, such as the Amazon, the Mississippi, the Nile, the Yenisei, the Yang-tse-Kiang; but there is only one river which rolls a vaster flood to the ocean, and that is the giant Amazon."

Mr. Stanley, with his famished followers, left the Livingstone, or Congo, at the Isangila Falls, near to the farthest point reached by Captain Tuckey in the unfortunate Congo expedition of 1816. The object of his exhausting toils and anxieties had now been attained; he had joined the Lualaba of Livingstone to the Congo of Tuckey, and revealed to the gaze of the world the course of the long unknown and mysterious river from Nyangwé to the ocean. "This great exploit," says Sir Rutherford Alcock, "brings to a fitting termination a journey which will take rank as one of the boldest and most successful that has yet been accomplished in the prolific field of geographical enterprise."

The great undertaking had not, however, been accomplished without its tragic incidents. It was marked by the death of Francis Pocock and of Kafulu, who had been in England with Mr. Stanley, and of many more of the brave Wangwana who had followed the leader from Zanzibar.

A feeble, worn, and suffering remnant, the expedition journeyed from Isangila to Boma. Here they were received and succoured with all kindness. From Boma, borne again on the mighty river, they reached a haven of rest on the Atlantic shore. Mr. Stanley did not return to Europe to receive the honours which his success had deserved until he had conveyed his faithful followers back to Zanzibar.

The discovery of the Congo, or Livingstone, cannot but impart a powerful impetus to Central African exploration and to the civilisation of the natives on its shores. The great river will soon form the main highway of commerce into the interior from the west coast. The two series of cataracts which occur will, it is true, prevent an uninterrupted navigation, but these obstacles may be overcome by a system of portages, and in time by tramways or railways. From the Atlantic until the first of the Yellala Falls is reached—some fifty or sixty miles beyond Boma—there is a clear waterway. From this point for a distance of 155 miles to Ntamo, near the Stanley Pool, or extension of the Livingstone, there is a constant succession of cataracts and rapids; after which there is again open way for a distance of not less than 898 miles. The Stanley Falls now intervene; these passed, we have once more a clear course into the far interior.

With so much exploratory work done in the recent past, we may, as respects the future, cite the words of the President of the Royal Geographical Society: "There is no longer any difficulty or obstacle," says Sir Rutherford Alcock, "to the effective opening up of Central Africa and the richest sources of natural wealth and commerce, which money properly applied will not speedily overcome. This is the deliberate opinion of the two travellers Cameron and Stanley, who have seen so much of these central regions, and have seen them later than any other explorer."

The return of the several expeditions now being organised or at work in the African interior will be awaited with interest. Meantime, in another and concluding paper we shall touch on recent exploration and missionary enterprise on Lake Nyassa.

Varieties.

WORTH, THE MILLINER.—Worth, the Paris man-milliner, is not a Frenchman at all, but a Protestant Englishman with a Catholic and Parisian wife, and two sons just out of college. His home is at Suresnes, a suburb of the gay capital, immediately under the guns of its chief defence, Fort Mont Valerian, which the Germans failed to reduce in 1871. Here he plays the genial host in an elegant château, planted in the midst of extensive grounds, which are fenced in by high brick walls. One day and night each year, house and grounds are thrown open to Worth's employées, the women appearing in dresses given them from his store and each trimmed according to the great milliner's directions. Worth is as proud of his home as of his business establishment, and personally directs the work of his gardens. These are diversified with fountains, statuary, grottoes, and a large hothouse supplies at all times the fruits and flowers of different regions and seasons. Many tropical trees decorate the ground, about which are placed columns from the old Hôtel de Ville and the palace of the Tuileries, destroyed by the Communists in 1871, and bronze and other souvenirs of the reigns of Francis I and Louis XIV. The residence itself is of brick and stone, palatial in size and appointments. The reception-room has walls inlaid with porcelain tiles of varied and brilliant colour, and the large brick fireplace is silver-mounted. The music saloon has furniture upholstered in the finest satin, with chairs of ebony frames and backs of costly lacquer work. The table for the music is a magnificent piece of inlaid mosaic work, and on raised platforms at either side of the rooms are lounges, sofas, and *lits-a-têtes*. About all the rooms and halls, which are furnished with the same taste and elegance, articles of *vertu* from Eastern nations are profusely scattered. Madame Worth counts among the treasures of her dining-room the plate, crockery, and glass-ware of King Louis Philippe. Her own chamber, whose decorations she especially prides herself upon, is carpeted with sage-green tapestry, and the walls are upholstered in harmonising colours. The ceiling is one immense plate-mirror, with a central medallion of silk, satin, and lace. The doors have stained-glass windows, and the bed eider-down quilts and coverings of silk and satin. Near the main residence of the parents are cottages for the two sons, alike in every particular, and royally furnished for living enjoyment.

ST. PAUL'S NEW BELLS.—"Tenor" is a name granted by habit to the largest of a peal, whatever its tone, as "treble" to the smallest. The tenor of St. Paul's is toned in B flat; it hangs in the south-west corner, a mass weighing 63 cwt., and measuring 5 ft. 8 in. in diameter, but handled like a toy. It was presented by the Corporation. The lower numbers, of course, are smaller and less costly, the treble weighing only 8 cwt. The peal entire weighs rather more than 13 tons, and cost about £2,500; whilst the Chapter has expended nearly £1,000 in preparing the belfry for it and getting it into position. These bells altogether are scarcely more than twice the weight of that which strikes the hours. It was cast in 1712 from a quantity of old bell-metal given by the Chapter of Westminster, and it weighs over six tons, but in quality and tone it is surpassed by the new bells.

THE RIVIERA.—A brief notice of the different health resorts along the northern shore of the Mediterranean may be acceptable to many. Hyères, often confounded with the Isles d'Hyères, is thirteen miles from Toulon and nearly three miles from the sea. It is prettily situated on the slope of a hill, and possesses many natural advantages. Since Hyères has had its own railway its progress has been rapid. The climate of the town is found to suit many invalids who find a difficulty in sleeping when near the sea. One finds, however, every variety of Riviera climate between Hyères and the sea, there being villas and accommodation pretty generally throughout the line, with an hotel under English management about half way. Though the earliest health station in the Riviera, Hyères has been fairly outstripped by many that have sprung up during a comparatively recent period. The want of enterprise among the inhabitants has prevented Hyères reaping the advantage it deserves from its climate, its scenery, and its beautiful walks and drives. A change seems now to be coming rapidly. The number of English proprietors has increased. A new quarter near the sea, known as Costabelle, situated in beautiful pine woods, is being quickly developed, and there is every prospect of Hyères taking a start in the way of improvement. It is only thirty hours' distance from London. Cannes is the most prosperous of all

Riviera stations. Year after year more hotels, more *pensions*, more villas are built. Last year it was said several hundred beds were added to Cannes, and yet it was difficult, indeed often impossible, to find room in any hotel. The beautiful villas and mansions, with well-kept gardens, are striking features in Cannes, and the fine promenade along the seashore would be perfect if it were not for the sewage discharged into the sea. There is, in consequence, a tendency to draw away from the seashore, and Cannes now extends some two miles inland. A large proportion of the villas in Cannes are owned by English. Antibes, a pleasant drive from Cannes, bids fair to be a favourite station. Nice, the town for pleasure-seekers, will always have many visitors, though the number of health-seekers falls short of Cannes. It is thought that the vicinity of Monaco deters many quiet families from going to Nice. Cimiez, away from the sea, on high ground, is a charming place; the air is bracing, and the views are magnificent. Nice has the advantage of having many summer stations near at hand; for along the valley of the Vesulle, towards the Italian frontier, there are many mountain resorts. In consequence many visitors, especially Russians, stay years at Nice, with a yearly visit to the hills in July and August. Mentone, the most sheltered of all Riviera stations, with its double bay, has its complement of visitors every year. With a climate more humid and more relaxing than Cannes or Hyères, it is suitable for many classes of invalids. Its mountain walks, the lovely drive to Nice *via* Turbia, and the comfortable arrangements that have been made for visitors, will always make Mentone one of the most favourite winter stations. Passing through Bordighera, destined soon to take its place as a popular winter resort, we come to San Remo. Somewhat confined on the land side, San Remo is making the most of its shore. To speak of its progress would be, however, merely a repetition of the marvellous progress we have recorded of Cannes, though on a smaller scale. These are the winter stations, but the question often arises with invalids as to where to go for the summer. The journey to England and Switzerland is often far more than they ought to undertake, and when all its troubles are over the climates are often found to be damp and cold, even in summer. This has led people to turn their attention to the Alpes Maritimes Mountains, and hotels and *pensions* have been established in many places along the road from Nice to St. Martin Lantosque, near the Italian frontier. St. Martin Lantosque has a hotel and *pensions*. Some seven or eight persons have built villas, and an enterprising gentleman from Mentone has built a pretty church in his grounds, which was opened in September, 1876. St. Martin Lantosque bids fair to become a large summer station for the Riviera. Glacier mountains up to 15,000ft. high can be found within easy reach for climbers, chamois hunting for sportsmen, mules and donkeys for the less active. Attention is being drawn to other parts of the Alpes Maritimes for summer residence.—*Times*.

THE ONION: ITS NATIVE COUNTRY.—Dr. Regel (in the *Gartenflora* for 1877, p. 264) has definitively determined the native country of the onion to be the mountains of Central Asia. Bulbs of a species of *Allium*, collected by a son of the doctor (M. Albert Regel) in the hills south of Kuldsha, were distributed from the Botanic Garden of St. Petersburg, under the name of *Allium polyphyllum*. Since then the plant has flowered at St. Petersburg, and Dr. Regel considers it to be the wild form of *A. Ceba*. It has long, thin bulbs. The name proposed by Dr. Regel for it is *A. Ceba sylvestris*. *A. Ceba* having been found wild on the Himalayan Mountains, it is now considered that that region and the Thian Shan Mountains may be regarded as the native country of the onion. △

ARTIFICIALLY CHANGING THE NATURAL COLOURS OF FLOWERS.—In a recent number of the *Gartenflora* there is a note on the artificial change of the natural colours of flowers. A chemist named Purcher accidentally discovered that the vapour of ammonia will quickly change the colours of flowers. Violets become grass-green though they retain their fragrance; violet-striped crocuses, as well as stocks and asters, exhibited some beautiful changes. Nevertheless, many colours are not affected by the vapour of ammonia. The yellow of a pansy, for example, and the red of an euphorbia remain unchanged under its influence. Experiments with various flowers will soon show which will afford the most pleasing changes. The experiment, which is a very simple one, may be thus performed: Pour a little ammonia water (*liquor ammonii caustici*), easily obtained from any chemist for a few pence, into a plate, and stand upon this an inverted glass funnel, in which the flowers for trial are to be suspended by means of a thread brought through the tubular portion and fixed outside. When the

flowers appear to have been exposed to the vapour for a sufficiently long time, take them out and dip them in water, when they will retain the artificial colour for several hours. A bell glass, with a hole through the knob at the top, will do, of course, equally as well, or even better, and is much more likely to be found at hand in a garden than a glass funnel.

FRUIT WINE.—In a German periodical it has been recently stated that the fruit of *Pyrus prunifolia* (the plum-tree-leaved apple-tree, or Siberian crab) has the reputation of producing the best fruit wine (*obstwein*, or fruit wine, in contradistinction to true *wein*, or wine of the grape) of the Continent. So great is the demand for the tree, that the price of it has risen to nearly double that of the ordinary apple-tree. It is perfectly hardy, growing well, and producing fruit abundantly in the most exposed situations. As it flowers late, it generally escapes the spring frosts. It was introduced from Siberia in 1758; and, according to the late Mr. Knight (so long the distinguished President of the Royal Horticultural Society of London), some of the finest varieties of apples raised by him were from cultivated apple-trees fecundated with pollen from the blossoms of the tree under notice. Mr. Knight found that the progeny formed more hardy trees than any other kinds, and that they produced earlier and more highly-flavoured fruit—points worthy of the particular attention of all cultivators. D. W.

AMERICAN ALOE-FIBRE.—It appears that lately a new kind of fibre has been extracted from the *flower-spike* of the American Aloe (*Agave americana*), the usual source hitherto having been the leaves. Though very fine and gossamer-like, it is said to be of great strength, and what is called Aloe-lace is made from it. In the *Gardeners' Chronicle* it is stated that "the art of making the lace is said to be very difficult to learn, and the splitting of the fibre still more difficult, consequent upon obtaining the requisite fineness. This art is carried on to perfection only by the inhabitants of a few small Spanish islands. This Aloe-lace is highly prized, and commands fancy prices in America, but in this country it is scarcely, if at all, known. Considering the source whence the fibre is obtained, namely the flower-spike, and the scarcity of the flowering of the Aloe, it does not seem probable that it can ever become an article of trade. Indeed, the entire supply is estimated not to exceed £1,000 annually." △

A RABBIT'S PLUNGE.—A correspondent sends from Stoney Stratford the following remarkable instance of the extremities to which fear will drive even timid animals:—"I was walking the other evening along one of our roads, and as I was about to cross a bridge over the river (the Great Ouse), I noticed a rabbit running backwards and forwards in a very excited manner. As there were several persons approaching from the other end of the bridge, I suppose it was trying to get away, but was afraid to pass. On our hastening forward to see what it was, it leaped on to the parapet, which is about four feet high, and, after pausing a few moments, plunged into the river, which is about twelve or fifteen feet below. On reaching the water it seemed bewildered, and swam round and round for a little time. The frightened creature then made straight for the bank, and scampered off across the field, evidently very glad to get off in safety."

LICENSED TAVERNS IN AMERICA.—That the indignation of moralists and statesmen against the abuse of the liquor traffic is no new thing, is shown by the following emphatic words of John Adams, the Second President of the United States: "Thousands and thousands are every year expiring in Europe, and proportionable numbers in this country, the miserable victims of their own imprudence and the ill policy of the rulers in permitting the causes of their ruin to exist. Allured by these infernal liquors, like the ghost in romances allured by the smell of human blood, they resort to these houses, waste their time, their strength, and their money, which ought to be employed in the management of their own affairs and families, till, by degrees, much expended, little earned, they contract habits of carelessness, idleness, and intemperance; their creditors demand; they promise to pay, but fail; writs issue, charges are multiplied for the maintenance of others as idle as themselves, and executions strip them of all they have, and cast their miserable bodies into loathsome prisons. The number of these houses has been lately so much augmented, and the fortunes of their owners so much increased, that the artful man has little else to do but secure the favour of taverners in order to receive the suffrages of the rabble that attend these houses, which in many towns within my observation makes a very large, perhaps the largest number of voters."

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THE SUNDAY AT HOME FOR OCTOBER

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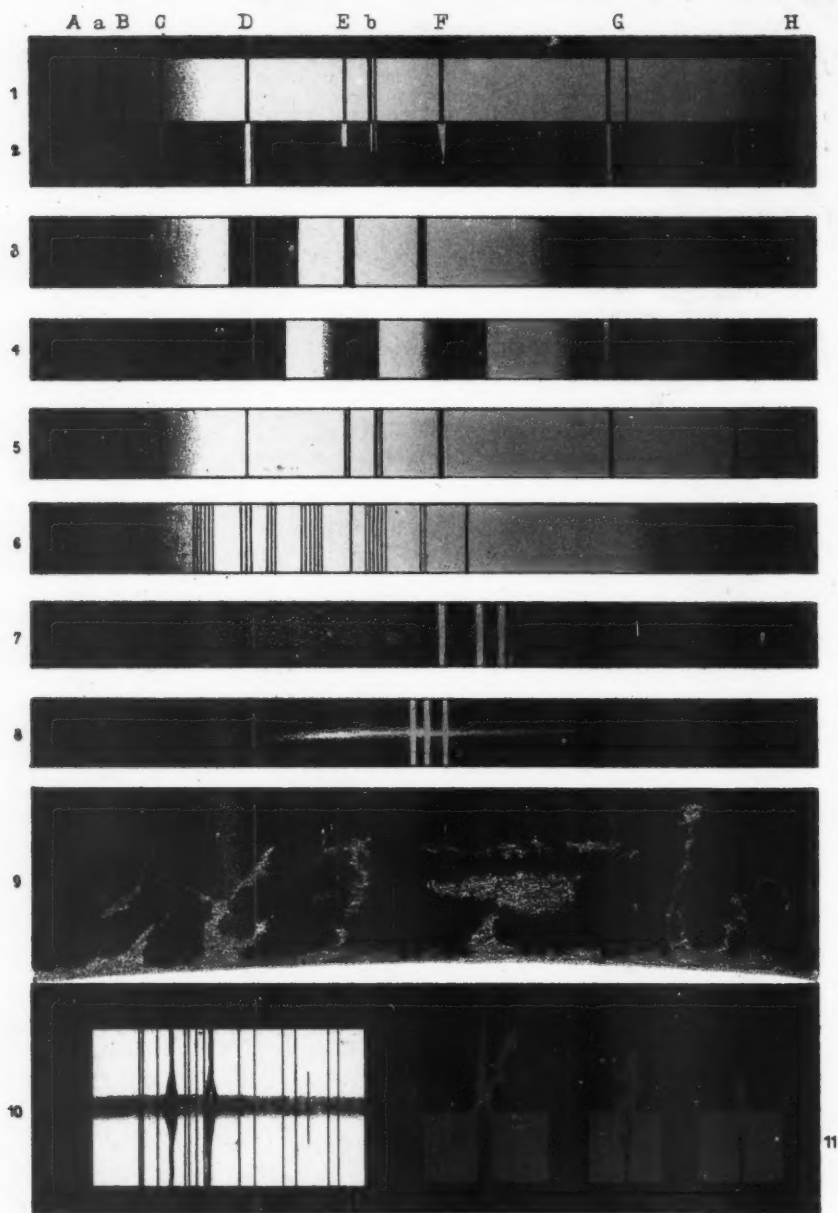
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